

The Weekly Museum.

Four Cents single.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1797.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum]

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JACQUOT.

[Continued from our last, and concluded.]

THIS, Sir, is all that I have to inform you concerning Jacquot's parents. What increases my uneasiness is, that Julian is not returned, and that a report has spread that he has gone to join a band of smugglers, and that his wife killed herself out of vexation. These lies have so circulated through the village, that they are the common talk even of the children; and when my Jacquot wants to join them, they drive him away, and threaten to beat him. The poor child vexes his heart perpetually, and he now goes out to throw himself down upon his mother's grave.

M. de Cursol listened to Susan's narrative without speaking a word, but not without feeling the strongest emotions of sympathy. Jacquot now came back to her. He looked at her with an air of affection, and frequently called her his mother. At length M. de Cursol said to Susan, Good woman, you have behaved very generously to this unfortunate family; God will surely reward you for it.

Susan.—I have done nothing but what I ought. We are placed in this world to assist each other. I always thought that I could do nothing more acceptable in the sight of God for all the mercies I have received of him, than by endeavouring as much as was in my power to alleviate the distress of my poor neighbours. Ah! if I only could more effectually do it! But I have nothing in the world except my cottage, a small garden, which produces me a few herbs, and what I can earn by the toil of my hands. However, during eight years I have been a widow, God has supported me decently, and I hope he will all my life-time.

M. de Cursol.—But if you should keep this child with you, you must incommode yourself much by the expence of maintaining him until he be able to gain his own bread?

Susan.—I shall endeavour to manage matters so that there will be enough for him. We shall share the last morsel of bread with each other.

M. de Cursol.—But how shall you be able to find him in cloaths?

Susan.—I shall leave the care of that to him who cloathes the field with flowers, and the trees with leaves. He has given me hands to sew and spin; I shall exert them to clothe our little orphan. When people know how to pray and work, they never want for any thing.

M. de Cursol.—Then you are determined to keep Jacquot with you.

Susan.—Certainly Sir. I could not live with the thought of having sent away this little orphan, or of shutting him up in a house of charity.

M. de Cursol.—Probably you are related to his family.

Susan.—There is no other sort of relation between us than that, of neighbourhood and religion.

M. de Cursol.—And I am related to both parties by religion and humanity. So that I shall not allow you to have the whole honour of doing

good to this orphan, when God has bestowed upon me more means than you for that purpose. Trust me with the care of Jacquot's education; and since that you are so accustomed to each other, and that you deserve for your benifisence, all the kindness which his attachment to his mother inspires me with, I shall take both of you home to my house, and become your protector. Sell your garden and your cottage, and come and live in my family. You shall have bed and board all your life time.

Susan (looking tenderly at him).—Do not put yourself to any trouble about me, Sir. May God reward you for all your goodness! But I cannot accept of your offer.

M. de Cursol.—And for what reason?

Susan.—It is chiefly because I am attached to the place where I was born, and where I have lived so long a time: and besides, it would be impossible for me to suit myself to the ways of a great house, and to the sight of all the people in it. I am not accustomed to ease, or delicate living; I should fall sick if I had nothing to do, or if I should eat of finer meat than I have been used to. Let me therefore remain in my cottage with my little Jacquot. He will be nothing the worse that he lead a life somewhat hardy. But if you will assist him from time to time with a little money to pay his fees at the school, which he may follow, our gracious God will not fail to repay you a hundred fold: at least Jacquot and I shall make it constantly a part of our daily prayers. I have no children; Jacquot will be one to me: and the little that I have I shall leave to him, when it pleases God to call me hence.

M. de Cursol.—Very well. I should not wish to make you unhappy by my proposal. I shall let Jacquot live with you, since you are so well together. Speak to him often of me, and let him know that I have taken upon me the charge of a father, as you have, on your part, that of the mother whom he so much regrets. I shall send you every month what will be necessary for your support: I shall frequently come to see ye both; and my visits will be as much on your account as on his.

Susan lifted up her eyes to heaven, and touched the skirt of M. de Cursol's coat with her lips: then she said to the child: Come, Jacquot, kiss the hand of this gentleman; he will be your father.

Jacquot kissed M. de Cursol's hand, but said to Susan; how can he be my father? he has got no apron before him.

M. de Cursol smiled at the natural simplicity of Jacquot's question; and laying a purse down upon the table: Adieu, excellent Susan, said he: adieu, my little friend; it will not be long before you see me again. He then mounted his horse, and rode directly to the curate who had taken the younger of the orphans.

He found the curate employed in reading a letter, which drew tears from his eyes. After the usual civilities, M. de Cursol informed the worthy pastor of the cause of his visit, and asked him whether he knew any thing concerning the father of the unfortunate children.

Sir, answered the Curate, it is not more than a quarter of an hour since I received from him this letter, written to his wife. He has addressed it to me, with this paper containing some money, that I may send them to his wife, to console her for his absence. His wife being dead, I have opened the letter: here it is, be so good as to read it. M. de Cursol snatched the letter with eagerness and read what follows:

"My dear wife,

It gives me great uneasiness to think that you have been in pain about the cause of my absence; but allow me to tell you what has happened. As I was on the road going to the Curate, I began to think what I should gain by soliciting his benifisence. I shall only get out of one debt to incur another, said I within myself; and I shall be perfectly unhappy with the thoughts how to repay him. For me, who am still young, and able to work, to go to ask so much money! I should be thought either a debauchee, or an indolent fellow. The Curate is the person who married us, he loves us as his own children; but would he deny my request with contempt! or not be in condition to assist us! But should he even advance me the money for a twelvemonth, can I be certain of having it in my power to pay him? and if I should not pay him, must I not appear in the light of a robber? I should in that case have deceived him. This is what I said to myself, my dear Madeline, and I afterwards ruminated how I might be able to extricate you and me from our present difficulties in an honest way. I knew not what course to take. I poured fourth many a sigh to God Almighty. At last the thought struck me in the head, and I thus said to myself: you are yet young, and of a stout healthy constitution; where is the harm if you should go and become a soldier for some years? You can read, write, and cast up accounts pretty well; you may yet make the fortune of your wife and children; at least you may be able to discharge your debt. Reflect that if you behave yourself soberly, and pick up a little money, you can send it to Madeline. While I was indulging these thoughts, I saw two soldiers coming up at a distance behind me. They joined me in a very little time. They asked me where I had come from, which way I was going, and if I should not like to serve the king? I immediately answered in such an air as if I had no taste for the business. They continued however to urge me, and promised me fifty crowns of lifting money. I told them that on condition, I should enlist for six years. Done, answered they. Come along with us, and it shall be instantly concluded. They carried me before an officer. They measured my height, and asked if I could read, write, and cast up accounts; and when I answered in the affirmative they delivered me the money: In this way, my dear Madeline, I am become a soldier to get out of our difficulty. I send you the fifty crowns. I shall not keep any of it. Pay immediately the thirty that I owe, and the six francs of interest. Apply the rest to the use of yourself and our little family the best way you can. Take care of your own diet, that you may the sooner recover

strength. Get some cloaths for our children, and put them to school as soon as possible. I know that you are prudent and industrious; but with all that, you will have enough to do. Have patience! I shall receive five pence a day of pay. I shall see if I can save one penny to two pence every day, and send it to you at the end of the month. In a little time I shall ask for leave to come and see you. My dear Madeline, don't vex yourself. Put your trust in God; six years will soon pass over. I shall then return to you, and we shall be able to support our little family. My officer has promised to write to the bailiff about preserving my corporation right. Bring up our children well; keep them at home, and instil into them a taste for working. Pray with them daily. Speak to them much of the mercies of our heavenly Benefactor, and of the duties of life. You are very capable of instructing them in what is necessary. Live in the fear of God: pray to him concerning me, and I shall pray for you in return. Send me an answer as soon as possible. You may give your letter to the Curate, who will forward it to me. Embrace for me our two little children. Tell Jacques that if he behaves well, I shall bring him something when I come. God be praised for every thing! Continue to love me, and I shall always remain your faithful husband.

"JULIAN."

M. de Cursol's eyes were filled with tears during the reading of this letter. As soon as he had finished: here, cried he, is one who may be called a good husband, a good father, and an honest man! Mr. Curate, we ought to take great pleasure in doing good to such excellent people. I shall go and purchase the freedom of Julian; I shall pay his debts, and give him as much as may set him agoing in his business decently. These fifty crowns will remain for the use of the children. They have cost their father dear! They shall be divided between them on the day when they begin to do for themselves. Keep that money in your hands, and speak to them sometimes of it, as a convincing proof of their father's affection. I shall pay you the interest, that it may be added to the capital.

The worthy Curate was too much oppressed to be in a condition of replying to M. de Cursol. The latter understood the cause of his silence, took him by the hand and went away. All his projects in favour of Julian have been executed. Julian, restored to tranquility, and in a state of ease, which he had never before experienced, would have been the happiest of men, were it not for the loss of Madeline. He found no relief from sorrow but in the conversation of Susan. That worthy woman considers herself as a sister, and acts as the mother of his children. Jacques never lets a day pass without visiting his mother's grave. He has profited so much by the assistance of M. de Cursol, that this excellent gentleman has an intention of making an advantageous establishment for him. He has taken the same care about the youngest of Julian's children; and he never mounts his horse without calling to mind that affecting adventure. When any thing troubles him he goes to see the people whom he has made happy: and he always returns home in better spirits.

GAMING.

If you wish for property, for Reputation, for Happiness, avoid Gaming.

A Gamester is a most contemptible Character; he appears in some measure to be sensible of it himself, as he wishes to play in secret.

The Love of Gaming will corrupt the best principle in the world.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

If e'er in thy sight I found favor, Apollo,
Defend me from all the disasters which follow:
From the knives, and the foals, and the fops of the time,
From the drudgers in prose, and the triflers in rhyme:
From long dedications to patrons unworthy,
Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for thee:
From being care's'd to be left in the lurch,
The tool of a party, in state or in church:
From dum thinking blockheads, as sober as Turks,
And petulant bards, who repeat their own works:
From all the gay things of a drawing-room show,
The light of a belle and the smell of a beau:
From busy back-biters, and tattlers and carpers,
And scurvy acquaintance of siders and tharpers:
From old pollicians, and coffee-house lectures,
The dreams of a chymist, and schemes of projectors:
From the fears of a goal, and the bill of a tailor,
The tricks of a gamester, and oaths of a sailor:
From waiting like Gay, for whole years at Whitehall,
From the pride of great wits and the envy of small:
From very fine ladies with very fine incomes,
Which they finely lay out on fine toys and fine trincums:
From balls, and from routs, and insipid parades,
The fauces of young jills and the spight of old maids:
From all pious patriots, who would to their best,
Put on a new tax, and take off an old test:
From the faith of informers, the fangs of the law,
And the great rogues who keep all the lesser in awe:
From scribbling for hire, when my credit is sunk,
To buy no-new coat, and to line an old trunk:
From jockies who chide us with jokes at their tables
Of hounds in their kennels, and nags in their stables:
From the cant of fenatics, the jargon of schools,
The censures of wise-men and praises of fools:
From critics who never read Latin or Greek,
And pedants who boast they read both all the week:
If ever thou didst, or wilt ever bestend me,
From these, and such evils, Apollo, defend me,
And let me be rather but honest with no-wit,
Than a noisy nonfensical half-witted poet.

April 14.

To convince the world that America is the clime where
POETS grow as spontaneous as Mushrooms we have
extracted from a northern paper the following

POETIC ADVERTISEMENT.

ALL, gentlemen farmers, the pride of our land!
We have an assortment of goods come to hand,
Which we offer for sale at the well known brick-store,
Long us'd by our friend captain Hyde heretofore.
We have broadcloths and velvets in plenty for sale,
And cheap cotton cloths about half a bale;
We have coffee, and chocolate, sugar and tea.
If you doubt of their cheapness, why then come and see.
Hail, Ladies with families under your care!
We have wild bore for you and your children to wear,
Fine thread, silk, and twill, pins, needles and tapes,
To furnish out suits for all sizes and shapes.
We have spoons, knives and forks, more useful than nice,
Bottled mustard, good ginger, black pepper and spice,
Cotton wool for fine stockings, or what else you choose
New-York hats neatly nap'd and a few ladies shoes
Hail, steady mechanics! for industry fam'd!
For you we have goods more than here can be nam'd,
Which we'll sell very cheap for the cash when you come,
And treat you with Wine, or Gin, Brandy, or Rum.
Old Nedlar so lov'd by the heathenish gods,
Was poorer than good ardent spirits by odds;
'Tis spirits, good spirits, that cheers up the heart,
And enables the artist to work at his art.

Hail all you young lads, who are fond of the fair,
If you'd gain their good graces of dressing take care;
For by drefs, good address, sense and virtue combin'd
The Lads with the Ladies much favor may find,
To help you along we have goods not a few,
Vest patterns and handkerchiefs, fine cheap and new;
Burgamot with the rest for a precious perfume,
If you call we can please you at once we presume.
Hail lovely young ladies in different towns,
If you wish for a new set of elegant gowns,
We have chintzes and calicoes equal in taste,
To any now made with a new fashioned waist,
We have muslins, muslinetts, lace, lockets, and beads,
Fancy goods nearly all that a young lady needs:
Come on merry customers! hasten along,
And we'll serve you as cheap as we give you a song.

THE GENEROUS SAILOR.

A Few weeks ago, I remember it was on a rainy morning, as I was walking along one of the back streets of this city, I was very much struck with the melancholy figure of a man, who was endeavouring to excite charity, by singing a love-sick ballad. Misery could not have found among the number of her distressed mortals, a form more suited to her nature.

Whilst I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, and comparing it with the strain which necessity compelled him to chaunt; a Sailor, who came whistling along the street, with a stick under his arm, stopped and purchased a ballad of him. God preserve you! cried the blind man, for I have not tasted bread this blessed day: When the sailor looking round him for a moment, sprung up four steps into a baker's shop, near which he stood, and returned immediately, thrust a small loaf quietly into the poor man's hand, and went on whistling as he came.

I was so affected with this singular act of generosity, that I called the honest seaman back to me, taking the little silver I had about me, which I think was no more than four shillings; thy nobleness of soul, said I, and the goodness of thy heart, my lad, which I have seen to bright an instance of, makes me sorry that I cannot reward thee as thou dost deserve. I must, however, beg your acceptance of this trifle, as a small testimony how much I admire thy generous nature. God bless your noble honour! said the sailor, and thank you; but we will divide the money fairly; so, stepping back to the blind man, he gave him half of it; and clapping him upon the shoulder at the same time, he added wishal, here are two shillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for which you are not obliged to me, but a noble gentleman who stands within five yards of you; so get into harbour and make thyself warm, and keep the hum-strum for fair weather. Then giving his hat a quick wave over his head, he thanked me again, and went nimbly down the street.

Would the money-loving man have observed this blind songster? If he had, would his eyes have been open, or senses awake to the noble act of the honest seaman? Or if he had, would he not have sheltered himself in the old observation---that sailors get their money like horses, and spend it like asses!---If this be so, I thank my propitious stars that I am not a money-loving man.

It is, I believe, pretty generally agreed, that, in the eye of mankind, the schemes and designs of men derive their principal merit and eclat from their success alone; while individuals are disposed to estimate things according to the labour and pains which they have bestowed in acquiring them. We can, therefore, no longer wonder that they whose lives have been one continued scene of toil and trouble in acquiring money, should be tenacious of possessing it, and derive their importance from it. But be that as it may, poor as I am, and poor as I am like to be, I would not forego the disposition of mind, to which I owe the honest pleasure I received from the generous deed of the sailor, for all the riches which have been acquired by money-loving men, from the time of Tyre and Sidon to the present hour.

I do not affect to despise riches; on the contrary I wish to be rich. But God, who reads my heart, knows that it is not from any sordid motive, or from any superiority that wealth may give me; but that I might extend the circuit of my benevolence, and practise the duties, as well as feel the sentiments of charity.

The rich have no real advantage over others, but in this delightful employment of exercising their wealth for the purposes of beneficence. The secret sigh which I heave for the wretched, and the silent tear which I shed over the miserable, however unaccompanied they may be with actual almsgiving, are equally recorded in the volume of Heaven, with the most bountiful acts of charity; and we well know, that in a future world, the contents of that volume will determine our final state and unalterable allotment.

HUMOUR.

A Few weeks since, one of those itinerant geniuses, who become all things to all men, having found his way into a circle where Peckin's Point was matter of speculation of no cure no pay. A person present, having a rheumatic pain in his shoulder, (who had ridiculed the quackery) immediately drew off his coat, and submitted to the experiment---a few moments application upon the skin relieved the complaint, and carried off the inflammation. On the man's confessing himself made whole, the chap produced the wonderful strucker---when lo! a corn coe, and not the points, had wrought the prodigy!

SATURDAY, April 22, 1797.

FROM A LEYDEN GAZETTE.

Paris, December 29, 1796.

The government, persuaded of the necessity of continuing another year a war, which is desolating so great a part of Europe, is already seeking the means of meeting the necessary and extraordinary expences of the campaign. We learn that the Directory has proposed to the Assembly of Commerce to cede to it seventy-five millions of national property, on condition that the assembly place in the public treasury fifteen millions of specie. The assembly on the other hand, has agreed on an address, to demand of the national legislature a formal and explicit declaration to this effect:—"that there shall never be issued any national paper having a forced currency."

From the Sun, a London paper of the 7th of March.

Two o'clock, P. M.

The following postscript to a letter from Lisbon, received in town this day, has been communicated to us, and which we lose no time in laying before our readers, leaving them to form their own conclusion.

"Lisbon, Wednesday morning, 22d Feb.

"I take up my pen to mention a report which is circulating here, that Sir John Jervis, with 13 sail of the line fell in again with the Spaniards on the 19th, having 20 sail of the line, and that after a most desperate battle, he beat them most completely, taking or destroying 8 sail of the line. If this turns out true, it will be a glorious thing; but I must say I give no credit to it, and send it you merely as a report. It is however certain, that the Spaniards have not returned to Cadix, but are waiting to protect their convoy from South America, which is hourly expected, and said to be worth eleven millions sterling."

[The above cannot be true. Accounts received at this port are to the 2d of March, which say nothing of it.]

A letter received in Glasgow from Tobermory, of February 11, says, "A ship from New-York is cast away on the Island of Tiree, loaded with wood, but cannot say where she is bound, no person being on board. The man gently dressed was washed on shore, supposed to have been a passenger."

The ship Eliza, Captain Allen, of this port, belonging to Theophilus Brower, merchant, was taken on her passage from Leogane to New-York, with a cargo said to be worth 50,000 dollars, on the 1st inst. by the British sloop of war Albicore, Capt. Foster, and sent into Cape Nichols Mole.

HIS HOLINESS.

There has long been a tradition in Italy, that the Pope, who shall reign 23 years will not have a successor. His Holiness, Pious VIth, has already exceeded that term.

We learn that all our bible calculators are busy in examining the prophecies and comparing them with the present events. The invincible Buonaparte has probably before this time possessed himself of "St. Peter's keys," and we doubt whether he will ever surrender them to a priest.

Pagan Rome was once saved from the Gauls by a goose. In the first battle between Buonaparte and the Pope's troops, some priests were killed as they were animating the soldiers with the crucifix in their hands, but victory declared for the French. It is doubtful whether either the crucifix or a modern goose will preserve the city from the modern Gauls.

PARIS, March 3.

Madame Tallien has left her husband. The particulars of this falling out of lovers, which our Dramatic Poets will, as occasion suits them, convert into a Tragedy, a Comedy, a Comic Opera, or even a Farce, deserve to be recorded. Madame Tallien was surprised by her husband, as she was embracing Madame de F. the wife of an Emigrant. Tallien, pursued by gloomy images, accused his wife of being connected with persons who meditated his destruction, and who had even lifted the poniard against him; he dragged Madame Tallien away, and gave him self up to every species of fury, and even of actual violence. Madame Tallien, alarmed, left him and went to seek an

asylum at the house of a woman with whom she was acquainted; placed herself under her protection; and informed her of the resolution she had taken to withdraw herself for ever from those perils. Some of her old friends called there to see her. Fear pursued her, and she every moment thought she saw Tallien madly entering the room, armed with pistols. At the end of two days, she was forced to return to her home to look for some things. Tallien was there waiting for her; he threw himself at her feet, put a dagger into her hand, and implored her to strike, saying, that he was a monster, a mad man; and, in short, calling himself, in his despair, by all those names with which the Journalists have long branded him. Madame Tallien repulsed him at first, then wept, and at last was softened into forgiveness. Nothing, it is determined, shall henceforth disturb the felicity of this happy couple.

LONDON, March 7.

A letter from Rome dated on the 22d ult. mentions, that uncommon preparations were making to oppose the progress of the French, by addition to the strength of the forts, and to the number of the arms and of the cannon. The rich give up their pleasure horses for the use of the artillery.

The King of Naples, according to a letter from Italy of the 11th ult. was on the eve of concluding an offensive and defensive alliance with France, and of purchasing from that power some Provinces of the Papal Territory, at the expense of eight millions of dollars, of a considerable quantity of corn, and by opening of his harbours to all French ships.

The Republic of Venice is now become seriously apprehensive of danger from the French, and alarmed at the concessions of strong posts, which they are daily compelled to make. The important town of Udine was the last place extorted from them, by the menaces of General Massena.

Letters from the Hague state, that the Patriots and Orange Party have come to blows; that blood has already been shed; and the Dorcum is the central point of these commotions.

At the sittings before Lord Kenyon on Tuesday last, in an action for a breach of promise of marriage, the Jury gave 4000l. damages to the plaintiff, who was a button maker at Shaftsbury, named Acheson. The defendant is Mrs Baker, aged 72! and Mr. Acheson is upwards of 72! The lady has a fortune of 24,000l.

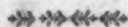
YARMOUTH, March 9.

A vessel belonging to Admiral Onslow's fleet, sent out to reconnoitre, has brought advice that the Dutch fleet of men of war, with 100 sail of vessels, said to be transports, are under sail off the Texel.

The following important intelligence we received just as this paper was putting to press.

Glenmore, off the Texel, the 2d of March, half past one, P. M.

By the Seagull, bearing home Capt. Duff's dispatches, I inform you as an article of news, that the Dutch fleet has this day left the Texel. There are 18 sail now in our sight, standing to the Northward. In the Texel, we saw 22 ready for sea, some days back, 12 of which were of the line, and I much fear will escape our fleet. We follow this fleet alone, for some time, till we can ascertain their purposes.



SUCH of our Subscribers as expect to remove, on the first of the ensuing month are requested to leave their direction with the Editor, No. 3, Peck-Slip.



Dutch Cloths.

BLACK and blue, of a superior quality, and a neat assortment of London superfine cloths. White and Brown Russia sheetings, Flanders bed bunts and ticken, Russia dispoers and table cloths, Black Italian eaze, Plain, striped, and cross-bar'd silk shawls, Coloured and black lustrings, Embroidery silk, a complete assortment, and a valuable parcel of BLACK LACES—for sale by

ROBERT MC. MENNOMY,

No. 110, William-Street.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Monday the 13th of February last, at the Prussian capital, His Royal Highness the Hereditary PRINCE of HESSE-CASSEL, to Her Serene Highness AUGUSTA Princess of Prussia.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. LEONARD MEUISE, to Miss DOLLY SHUTE both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Provost, Mr. JOHN HAMILTON, to Miss GIFFY HEDEN, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Dr. ALEXANDER ANDERSON, to Miss ANN VAN VLECK, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. CHARLES HENRY, to Miss ELIZABETH ROBINSON, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. BENJAMIN TAYLOR, to Miss MARY BARKER, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. JAMES TORTON, to Miss ANNA BARKER, both of this city.

T H E A T R E.

Mrs. Johnson's Benefit.

ON MONDAY EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED,

(Not performed here these five Years)

the PLAY of

CYMBELINE,

KING of BRITAIN.

Written by Shakespeare.

Posthumus Leonatus,	Mr Hallam,
Cloten,	Mr Jefferson,
Cymbeline,	Mr Collins,
Bellarius,	Mr Crosby,
Guiderius,	Mr Martin,
Arviragus,	Mr Miller,
Caius Lucius,	Mr Munro,
Philario,	Mr Hallam, jun.
Pisanio,	Mr Johnson,
Frenchman,	Mr Woolls,
Physician,	Mr Roberts,
Lords,	Messrs Seymour, Leonard, &c.
And, Iachima,	Mr Tyler.

Queen,	Mrs Tyler,
Helen,	Mrs King,
And, Imogen,	Mrs Johnson,

In ACT 2d, the much admired GLEE of,
 "Hark the Lark at Heav'n's Gate sings,"

By Messrs. Johnson, Munro, Lee, Miss Brett, Mrs. Seymour, and Mrs. Hodgkinson.

IN ACT 5th,

A BATTLE between the BRITONS and ROMANS.
 TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, (5th Time) called, **The LOCK and KEY.**

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

 JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale at the Book-Store of J. Harrison, Peck-slip,

A

NARRATIVE

OF HIS

CONNECTION

WITH THE

OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

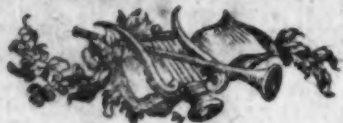
From the 5th September, 1792, to March 31st, 1797.

By JOHN HODGKINSON.

Price One Shilling.

William Green,

LEAVING New-York for a few months, humbly begs leave to return his most grateful thanks for the kind and liberal support and the approbation given to his *Flute Powder and Furniture Balls*. He begs leave to inform the ladies that he will leave it for sale at Wm. Husband's, No. 166, William-Street, three doors from Beckman-Street, and at no other place in New-York.



Court of Apollo.

THE PROUD OLD MAID.

BY PETER PINDAR, &C.

A Winking, hobbling, crabbed, proud Old Maid,
Whose charms had felt a heavy cannonade
From Time's strong battery,—to whose lofty nose
A rotten reputation was a cote,
Liv'd in a country town,—there spit her spite,
And dwelt on Scandal's stories with delight.
Proud of her name (though poor) indeed was she;
In genealogies, an epicure;
Knew, to a hair, each person's pedigree,
From that of splendor, to the most obscure.

This Lady, on a certain darksome night,
From cards returning by a lantern's light;
The lantern by her servant Betty held,
Who walk'd before this Dame, to show the way;
When thus it happen'd, sadly let me say,
Such is th' unhappiness of blinking Eld—

As her two eyes so dim could only stare,
And therefore wanted cleaning and repair;
Against some head, her poking head she popp'd—
Dash'd with confusion, suddenly she ropp'd,
Drew back, and bent for once her ruffy knee—
"I beg your pardon Sir," said she:

Then follow'd Mistress Betty—"Bless us, Bet,
"Tell me, who was the Gentleman I met;
"Whole face I bound'd so hard against with mine?"
Bet could not for her soul the laugh resist—
"A GENTLEMAN!—a JACK-ASS, Ma'am you kiss'd;
"I hope you found Jack's kisses very fine."

"An Ass?" with anger swelling (creach'd the Dame—
"An Ass!—Lord! Betty, I shall die with shame!
"Give me a knife—I'll spoil the rascal's nose;
"Give me a knife—I'll run and cut his throat.
"Betty, don't say a word on't—tho', alas!
"I curst'd, and ask'd pardon of an Ass."

For Sale,

ABOUT 14,000 feet common and 10,000 feet of clear
Fine Boards, 20,000 feet a inch Pine Plank, in the
best order, the whole fit for immediate use—Red Cedar
for window sills, whitewood bedstead joist, boistered boards
and joist, bench boards and joist, half inch whitewood
boards, cherry plank and joist, half inch plank and com-
mon scantling.

FOR PASTURAGE.

To rent for the season, a Lot in the commons,
Containing 10 acres, through which the Killing bridge
brook runs; did not fall of plenty of water the last season;
and which is in good fence, the lots are No. 134 and 136,
the second range of lots west from the above mentioned
bridge. The easiest way of access is by turning in a lane,
near what is usually called the Dove, then turn to the
right in the first road and the bars is near the above brook.
Enquire of DANIEL HITCHCOCK, No. 79, Gold-
Street. March 11. 54 tf

A Stone Dwelling House,

CONTAINING four rooms and three fire places, cellar
a large garret which may be made into bed rooms
with little expence, with about two acres and a quarter of
land, pleasantly situated in the vicinity of Wesel, East-Jer-
sey, about two miles from Aquackonoc landing, on the
main road to Patterson; a good stand for a grocery and
dry good store. There are on the premises a barn, some
excellent fruit trees, and a never-failing spring of good
water. For terms apply to JOHN HALL, on the premises.
February 11, 1797. 50 tf & 3f

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BY a person who can bring good recommendations, a
Situation as Housekeeper in a small private family.—
Enquire at No. 228, Water-street. 459—tf

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Evelina, or the History of a young lady's entrance into the
world.
Ellen, Countess of Castle-Howel,
Myrtles of Udolpho, Romance of the Forest,
The Castles of Athlia and Dunbayne, a Highland Story,
Royal Captives, a Fragment of Secret History, (2 vls.)
Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle,
Roger de Clarendon, Robert and Adela,
History of Captain and Miss Rivers,
Augusta Denbeigh, Count Roderick's Castle,
Barford Abbey, Nature and Art,
Inquisitor, (by Mrs Rowton) Paul and Mary,
Fille de Chambre, (by Mrs Rowton)
Mariamne, or Irish Anecdotes, Contrast,
Haunted Priory, Interesting Memoirs,
Juliana Harley, John of Gaunt, Henry,
Memoirs of Count Cominge, Sorrows of Edith,
Younger Brother, Duke of Clarence,
Dutchess of York, Sutton Abbey, Charlotte's Letters,
Wandering Islander, Italian Nun,
Caroline of Lichtfield, Lady Montagu's Letters,
Baroness d'Alanton, Emely Montague,
Gonzalvo of Cordova, Mythic Cottage of Chamouny,
Herman of Unna, Son of Ethelwolf, Fatal Follies,
Honoria Somerville, Orlando and Lavinia,
Charles Mandaville, Arundel, German Gil Blas,
Louisa, the Lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Madame de Barnevelt, Love's Pilgrimage, Angelina,
Rock of Modrec, or the Legend of Sir Elthram,
Solyman and Fadima, French Adventurer,
Arabian Tales, (a continuation of the Arabian Nights)
Philanthropic Rambler, Moral Tales, Baron Trenck,
Rencounter, or Transition of a Moment,
Perfidious Guardian, or Vicissitudes of Fortune,
Simple Story, Joseph, Sandford and Merton,
Siege of Belgrade, Sydney and Eugenia,
Widow, or a Picture of modern times,
Gabrielle de Vergey, Victim of Passion,
Recluse of the Appenines, Sympathetic Tales,
Julia Benson, Danish Melancholy, Fool of Quality,
Man of Feeling, Sorrows of Werter, Pamela,
Julia de Robigne, Citizen of the World,
Man of the World, Vicar of Wakefield, Tom Jones,
Almorán and Hamet, Trifram Skandy,
Arabian Nights Entertainments, Joseph Andrews,
Life of Samuel Simkins, Esq. Peregrine Pickle,
Roderick Random, Entertaining Novellist,
Sentimental Journey, Letters of an American Farmer,
Telemachus, Visit of a Week, Rural Walks,
Devil on two Sticks, (French and English) Democrat,
Queen of France, Memoirs of Mrs Cogan,
Museum of Agreeable Entertainment, Boyle's Voyages,
Gustavus Vassa, Tales of Past Times, (French and English)
Robinson Crusoe, (large) Gulliver's Travels, ditto.

WASHINGTON's Letters, President's Address,
Lady's Library, Centaur not Fabulous, Hive,
Fabulous History, Rambler, Aesop's Fables,
Thomson's Seasons, Young's Night Thoughts,
Mrs Blecker's Posthumous Works, Homer's Iliad,
Belisarius, a Tragedy, (by Margaretta V. Faugetes)
Milton's Works, Johnson's Lives of the Poets,
Pleasant Instructor, Select Stories, Children's Friend,
Spirit of Despotism, Zimmermann on Solitude,
Cain's Lamentations over Abel, Temple of Apollo,
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Flowers of History, Lessons of a Governess,
Father's Instructions, Spectator, Mrs Rowe's Letters,
Columbian Muse, Goldsmith's Works, Messiah,
Rights of Woman, Miscellaneous Works, Volney's Ruins,
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AT THEIR

PORTER VAULTS,

No. 77, John-street, late Golden-hill, at the house of C.
HAVILAND, Merchant Tailor, one of the Company.
By the tierce, containing 6, 7, and 8 dozen, and by the
single dozen. Also,

Bath and Liverpool Ale, American Porter and Cyder.
Merchants, Captains of vessels, whether in town or
country, may be supplied at the shortest notice, and all
orders shall be carefully attended.

N. B. London Porter, Brown Stout, Ale, &c. warrant-
ed bottled in London.

— A generous price given for empty bottles.
October 8. 32 tf

LADIES

Boarding and Day-School,

In a large and commodious House, No. 53, Ca-
tharine-street.

Mrs. BROOKS—FROM LONDON,

RESPECTFULLY announces her intention of opening a
BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL, on the first of
May next, for the instruction and accommodation of
young Ladies.

Mrs. B. flatters herself, that she is fully competent to
teach the English Language grammatically; Needle-work
in all its useful and ornamental parts; Tambour and Em-
broidery; Fancy Work, &c. Writing, Arithmetic, Music
and Drawing.

Proper Masters will be provided to teach Dancing,
French, and the other requisite parts of an useful and polite
education.

Parents and guardians may depend that the utmost at-
tention will be paid to the young Ladies of this Seminary.
Their morals will be guarded and their manners guided,
in order to obtain the great end of education—a mind well
informed; an unassuming and polished character.

N. B. The terms and other particulars may be known
by applying as above.

April 8, 1797.

58—4f

To Let,

A convenient House, No. 219, Pearl-street, not far from
Peck-Slip, the store and front cellar excepted—Enquire
at No. 50, Cherry-street.

March 11, 1794.

54 tf

To be Let,

THE corner House in Pearl-street, No. 106, being the
corner of the Old-slip, well known as convenient for
trade, as the best stand for any kind of business, either
for Dry Good or Grocery, but particularly for Earthen,
China and Glassware. Enquire at William-street, No. 55.
February 18. 51 tf

Picked up Adrift,

SOME time last week, a ships boat, the owner proving
property and paying charges may have her again, by
applying to HASTING STACKHOUSE, corner of Catharine-
Slip.

New-York, April 8, 1797.

58—4f—3f

A Front Room to Let,

No. 34, Beaver-street,

WELL calculated for an office, also two other rooms
furnished or unfurnished, with or without board,
for single gentlemen.—Also, Boarding and Lodging.
April 15. 59 tf

S. LORD,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public
that she continues to carry on the STAY and MAN-
TUA MAKING BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-
street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors
which will be her constant endeavors to deserve.
January 20, 1797. 40 tf



Court of Apollo.

THE PROUD OLD MAID.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

A Winking, hobbling, crabbed, proud Old Maid,
Whose charms had felt a heavy cannonade
From Time's strong batt'ry,—to whose lofty nose
A rotten reputation was a tofe,
Liv'd in a country town—there spit her spite,
And dwelt on Scandal's stories with delight.

Proud of her name (though poor) indeed was she;
In genealogies; an epicure;
Knew, to a hair, each person's pedigree,
From that of splendor, to the most obscure.

This Lady, on a certain darksome night,
From cards returning by a lantern's light;
The lantern by her servant Betty held,
Who walk'd before this Dame, to shew the way;
When thus it happen'd, sadly let me say,
Such is th' unhappiness of blinking Eld—

As her two eyes so dim could only stare,
And therefore wanted cleaning and repair;
Against some head, her poking head she pop'd—
Dash'd with confusion, suddenly she stop'd—
Drew back, and bent for once her rusty knee—
"I beg your pardon Sir," said she:

Then follow'd Mistress Betty—"Bless us, Bet,
"Tell me, who was the Gentleman I met;
"Whose face I bounce'd so hard against with mine?"
Bet could not for her soul the laugh resist—
"A GENTLEMAN!—a JACK-ASS, Ma'am you kiss'd;
"I hope you found Jack's kisses very fine."

"An Ass?" with anger swelling screech'd the Dame—
"An Ass!—Lord! Betty, I shall die with shame!
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Pine Boards, 20,000 feet 2 inch Pine Plank, in the
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and joist, beach boards and joist, half inch whitewood
boards, cherry plank and joist, half inch plank and com-
mon scantling.

FOR PASTURAGE.

To rent for the season, a Lot in the commons,
Containing 10 acres, through which the Kissing bridge
brook runs; did not fail of plenty of water the last season;
and which is in good fence, the lots are No. 134 and 136,
the second range of lots west from the above mentioned
bridge. The easiest way of access is by turning in a lane,
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Enquire of DANIEL HITCHCOCK, No. 79, Gold-
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Juliana Harley,
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Duchess of York,
Wandering Island,

Caroline of Licht,
Baroness d'Alantu,
Gonzalvo of Cord

Herman of Unna,
Honoria Sommer,
Charles Mandavil

Louisa, the Love,
Madame de Barp,
Rock of Modrec,

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January 28, 1797. 48 tf

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OFF